

myself in an Indian house, made of branches and leaves of trees, all that defends me from cold and heat, which are very great in the night and day in these woods. If you can procure me a box of cigars, some tea, sugar, pepper, mustard, and any other things you think of, send them by some careful party coming to this part of the army.

CAMP, 4 MILES FROM FORT GEORGE,
13th August 1813.

Mrs MACEWEN, Montreal.

I received your letter of the 26th July. . . . In one of my former letters I mentioned that several of our officers and men were very badly, and at that time I did not imagine I would be attacked. I am sorry to say I have been confined bedfast these fourteen days with fever and ague, and have been obliged, though much against my will, to go to quarters in the rear with many more. Mr Connall, Hendrick, M'Kenzie, are in the same state. Every one is complaining of something or other, owing to the damp bad ground we are encamped upon. Our fleet came here ten days ago, but the Americans who dashed about before they came, seem very shy and won't come out from under the batteries of Fort George. However, I hope in God a few days will decide the fate of this country. The inhabitants are indifferent